CARTOONS by Donahey

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Malcolm B. Vilas

Christmas 1912.

THE CLEVELAND
MUSEUM OF ART

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this!"

FIFTY CARTOONS

by

DONAHEY

Cartoonist of The Cleveland Plain Dealer

This book is printed for gift distribution only, and all copies have been distributed

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THE CLEVELAND
MUSEUM OF ART

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is limited to 600 numbered copies,
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The Cleveland Plain Dealer

Signed by Geo M Rogers

Business Manager

46737

PLAIN DEALER

Foreword

LONG before primitive man could express his thoughts in written characters he was busy with a fragment of flint, or a bit of chalk, outlining pictures on the eternal rocks.

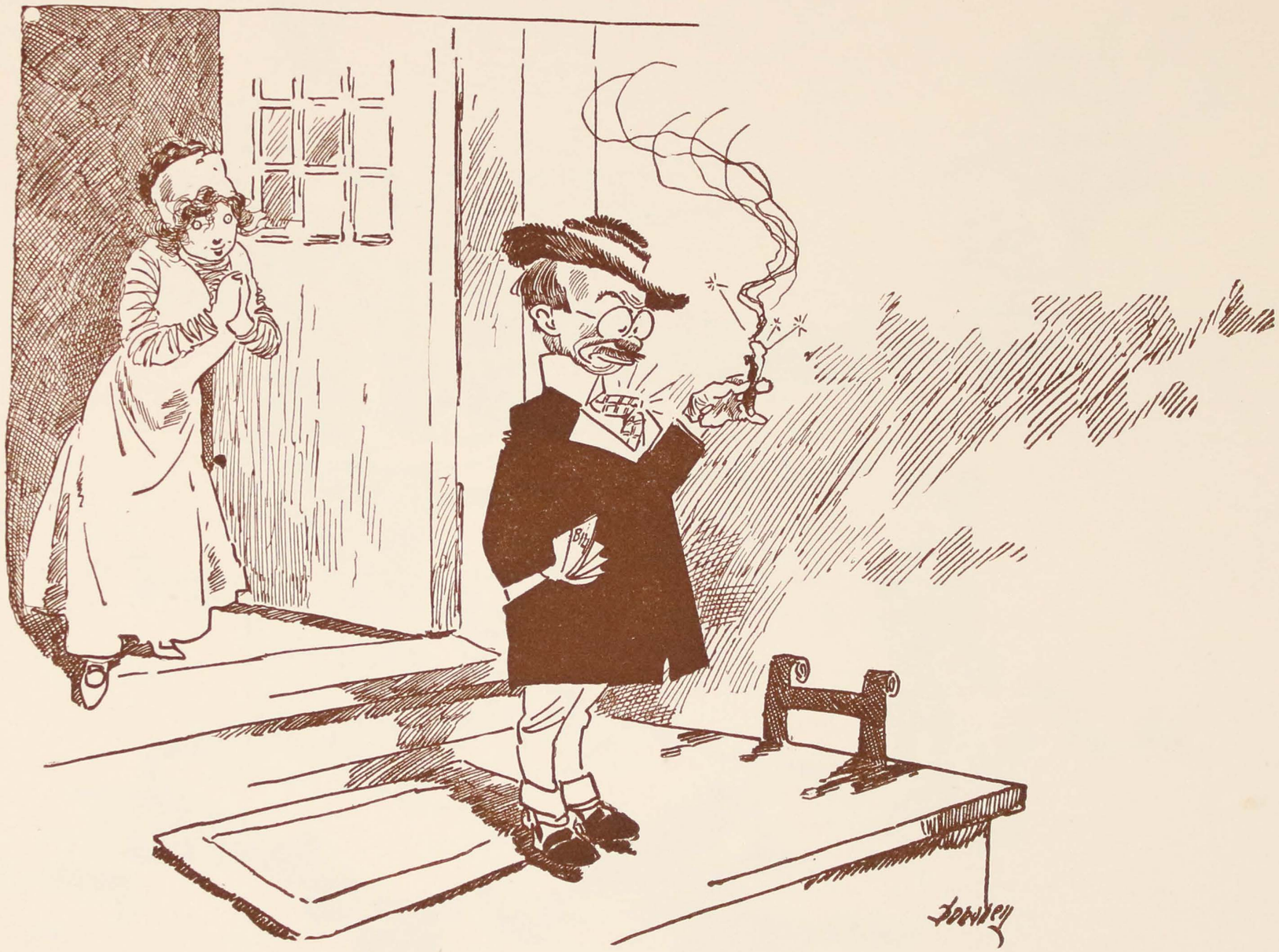
The primitive artist, as the indelible records bear witness, chose his subjects from the common objects about him; those simple forms of nature which aroused his dawning wonder.

Cartoonist Donahey, following the inherited impulse, has assembled herewith a half hundred appeals to that interest in man and nature which is as old as the human race.

In handing its friends this volume, the Cleveland Plain Dealer wishes them, in fullest measure, a pleasant and profitable year.

December, 1912

Spring: "Didn't you hear me toot my horn?"



"I do hope George likes his Christmas cigars!"

HIS OPPORTUNITY.

"I just can't make up my mind whether to go in for equal suffrage, athletics or dress!"

"I just can't make up my mind whether to go in for equal suffrage, athletics or dress!"

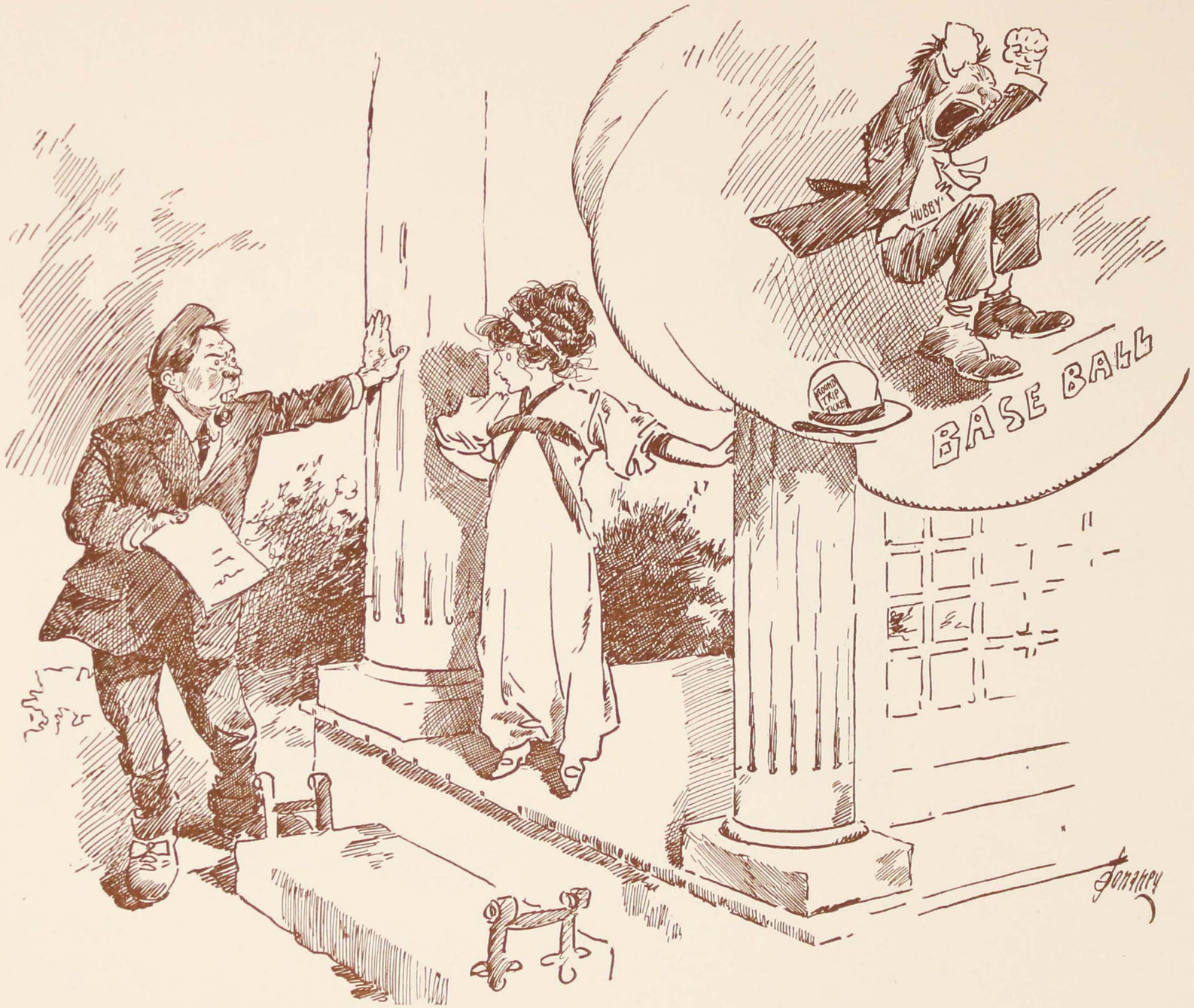
HIS COUNTRY'S CALL.

"Look out, Harold, here comes one of those blamed electrics!"

"What queer things our grandmothers used to wear!"

OH, THIS SPRING SUNSHINE!

THE TEMPTATION OF ST. SMITH.



The census taker: "And your husband, ma'am—is he deaf or dumb?"

"Father, what was your class oration?"
"Why, son, come to think of it, it was called 'The Tyranny of the Monopolies.'"

BREAKING HOME TIES.

"Well, dad, I'm all ready to take over the business."

AN UNEXPECTED SUNDAY CALLER.

"Grandma, tell me that story again."

THE CHANCE HE LEFT BEHIND.

"You know I sometimes believe that once I was Helen of Troy."

JEALOUSY.

DREAMS OF YESTERDAY.

YE OLD AND YE MODERN WAY.

YE SPRING GARDEN AND YE JULY WEEDS.

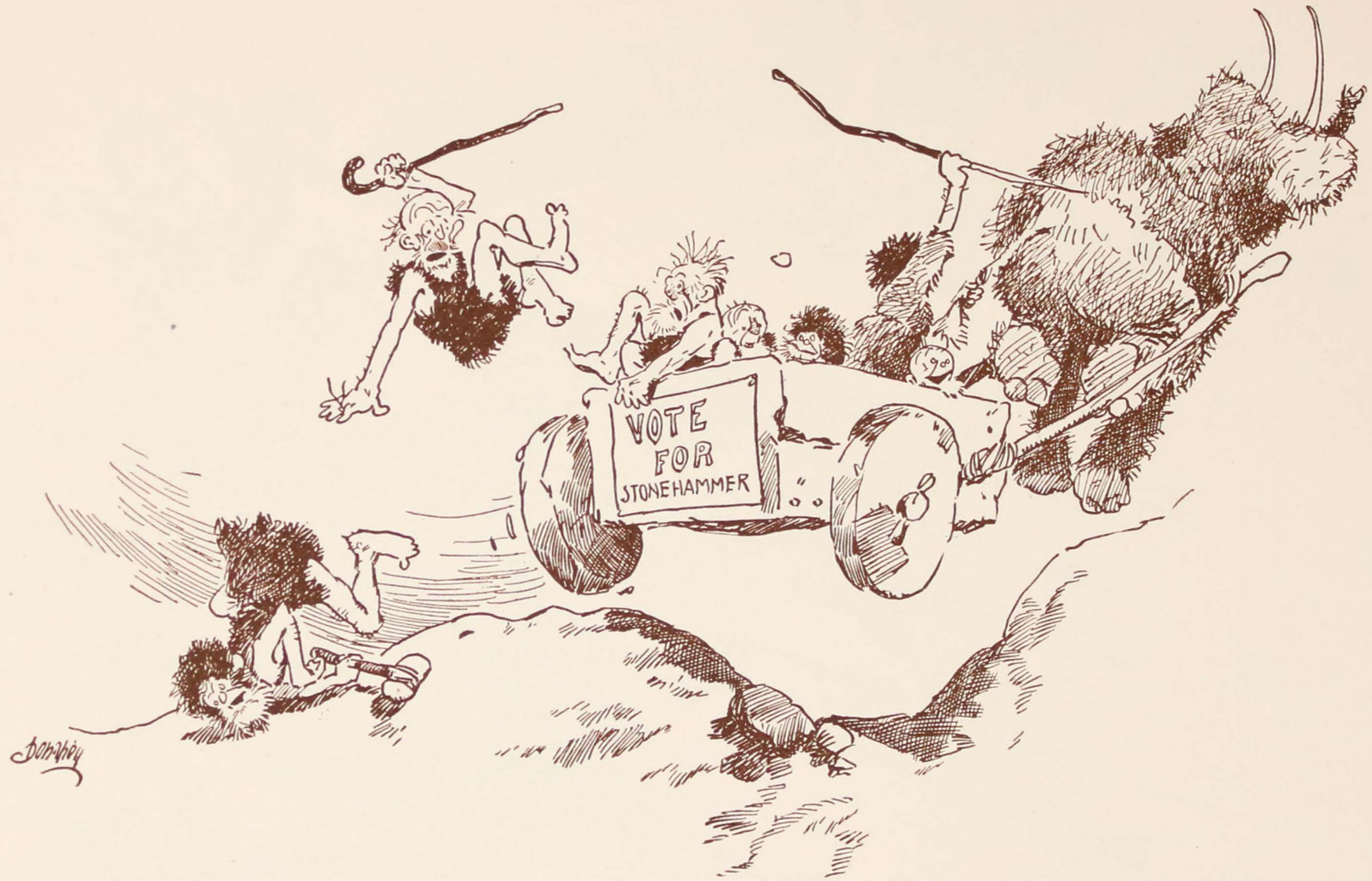
MOST ANY PICNIC.

"Gee, I wish I could remember where I buried that old bone last week!"

"Shame on you, Jason, to spoil this beautiful day with such horrid language!"

"Father, what's a grafter?"

"Hello, Doctor, I do wish you would come over at once, Henry seems to be out of his head!"



GETTING OUT THE VOTE.

REMEMBER THAT OLD WALNUT TREE?

HUNTERS MEET.

"Isn't it awful to be the fat husband of a lover of rare old antiques?"

MOTHER'S DAY.

"Remember how good that clam bake tasted last year, and how you felt the next day?"

PUMPKIN PIE.
"Jason, you're a regular old blarney."

ONE OF OUR EXPORTS.

"It looks like frost."

JONES STILL TAKES HIS COLD BATH.

THE THANKSGIVING HERO.

"How th' Sam Hill do you expect me to know where you put my overcoat?"

THE WAY WE USED TO DO IT, AND HOW WE DO IT NOW.

"Maybe they'll write tomorrow."

"Savin' th' country."

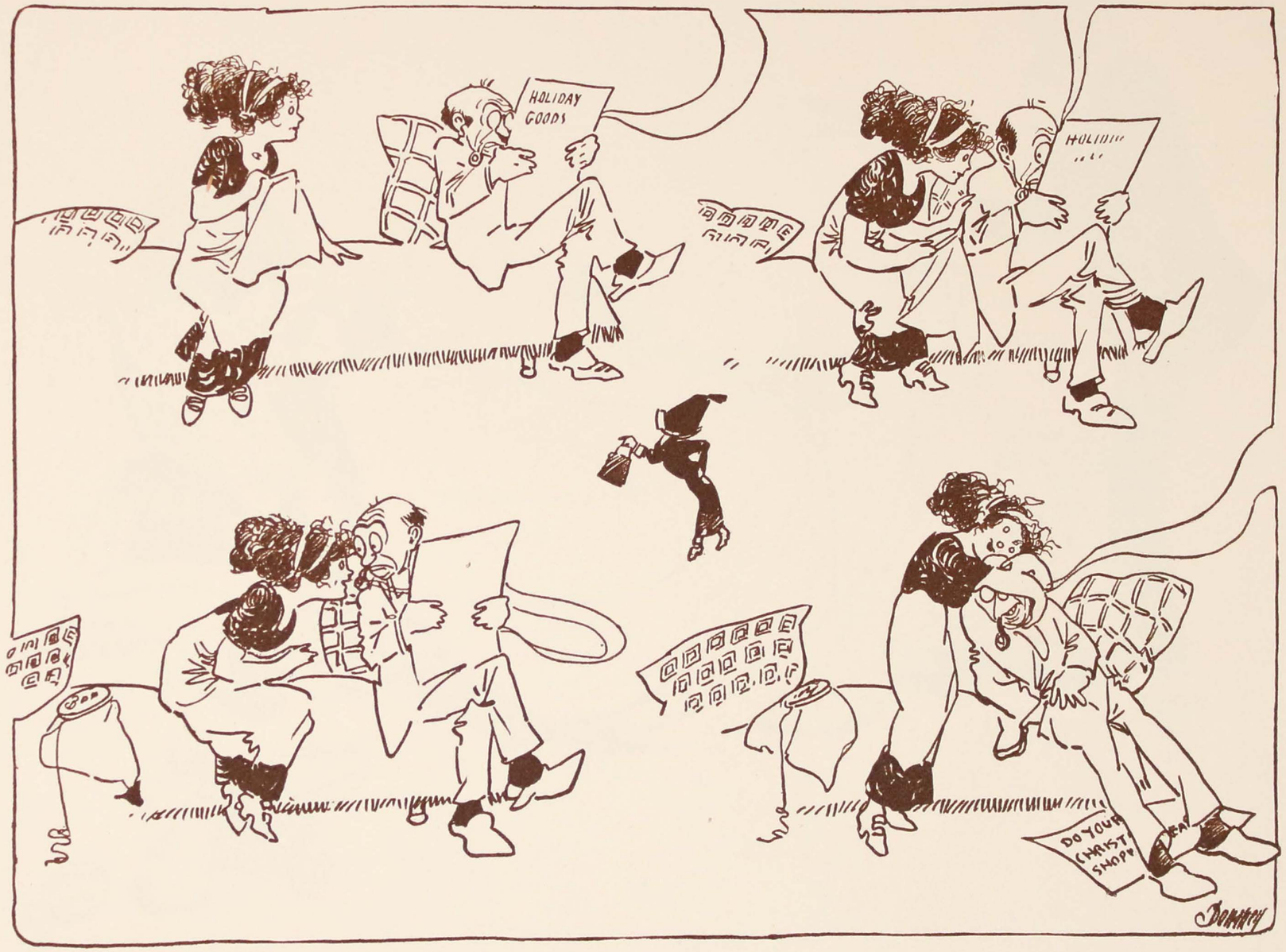
"Do you remember those good old buckwheat cakes?"

"Willie Jones will now recite Patrick Henry's speech."

THE TARIFF.

THE BANQUET SEASON IS ON.

HER FIRST SUSPENDERS.



SHE GOT IT.

"Did you get Uncle Jessup?"
"Oh, Lordy, I forgot him!"

MILES AWAY.

"Mother, who is Santa Claus?"

DOWN THE RIVER.

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